He had wandered restlessly about the world looking for satisfaction and finding none, recruiting derelict ladies to found a new social order, impotently railing against Mind and its miseries, impotently exalting Flesh and its ecstasies; his death surely a fitting prelude to the years which were to come, full of mindless ecstasy, of new social orders and dark unconsciousness.

After his death, Lawrence's influence continued to be considerable, thumbed copies *of Lady Chatterleys Lover* to circulate widely, and his associates and disciples to wrangle, most writing books about him, and their relations with him and with one another. These books constitute one of the curiosities of literature, perhaps the gem of the collection being Mrs. Dodge Luhan's *Lorenzo in Taos.*[18] Their cumulative effect was to bore even those who did not read them; and gradually scenes in which a hero or heroine is spiritually refreshed by protracted embraces, vanished from contemporary fiction, the Dark Unconscious transforming itself into the Dark Class-Conscious as easily as, in the Pageant of Parliament, rags were transformed into white pinnies.

VII

To a casual visitor, the House of Commons presented much the same spectacle ten years ago as now. The two processions members form, when summoned to a division, were more nearly equal than in the two succeeding Parliaments, but otherwise might be supposed to have gone on uninterruptedly shuffling through Aye and No lobbies, somewhat

melancholy, aimless, like sheep passing for no particular reason through a gap in a hedge.

Looking more closely, however, differences are apparent.

When the division is over, members dispersing to resume interrupted conversations, drinks or naps, who are these who take their places on the Treasury Bench, some of them now scarcely remembered, some dead; one, Sir Oswald Mosley, for

[18] See Mr. Hugh KingsmilTs D. *H. Lawrence.*